

He will the corpse this evening hither bring,
Bathe it with water from the crystal spring,
Enfold it in a decent winding sheet,
And lay it on a bier at his retreat.
Another's bleeding wounds I still must weep,
Ere I resign my wearied limbs to sleep.
'To-morrow, at the break of early dawn,
Myself will meet thee on this mountain lawn.
Strange truths these aged lips shall then unseal,
And I mine hidden secret will reveal:
Its interest deeply will thy bosom move:
And show thee the sad error of thy love,
Then too we weep thy father's earthly doom,
Consigning all his frailties to the tomb,
(Banish meanwhile thy sorrow's useless gloom.)
Would I had healed his spirit as it flit,
His doom is come, the hermit must submit!
For when mankind shall reckon with their dust,
The God of mercy will be found all just.
Heaven gives thee comfort at a hermit's door.
Thy toils and troubles for this day are o'er.
Gherardo pointed to Anselmo's grot,
And swiftly hastened from that well-known spot.
The path led up a bold and wandering brook,
To the bosom of a deep sequestered nook.
A small and shelving platform hung aloft,
Spread with a native carpet green and soft,
Where the thin trees and shrubs, at random strewn,
Made that desolate place more wild and lone.
Beneath their slender, but refreshing shade,
Anselmo's neat and pleasant grot was made.
Its masonry was neither rough nor rude,
With patient hand and skilful labor hewed,